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Third floor, 4th fl.

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The distinctive elegance of sterling silver and the fineness and beauty of the many exquisite patterns have won for it a place where it is desired above all else for appropriate and beautiful wedding gifts.

Our showing is very complete, and contains many artistic patterns and unusual shapes. Thus selections are not likely to be duplicated by other friends.

Sterling Silver Vases, in Colonial and plain styles, some of them engraved in attractive designs; glass vases in silver holders are among the many styles. \$5.00 to \$48.00 each.

Ron Ron Trays and Baskets, some of them in pierced patterns and some with scrollwork design on edge. \$5.00 to \$18.00 each.

Railish Dishes, in styles containing two or three sections, plain silver dishes. \$4.50 to \$15.00 each.

Candlesticks, in Colonial and plain patterns, which are very attractive, several sizes. \$4.00 to \$7.50 each.

Flower Baskets, of glass, with silver holder in exquisite filigree design and with filigree handle. \$10.50 to \$75.00 each.

Silver Bowls, for fruit or salad, in plain or scroll patterns and in a number of sizes. \$5.50 to \$25.00 each.

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HISTORY BUILDERS.

The First Cigar—and the Last.
Written Exclusively for The Washington Herald.
By DR. E. J. EDWARDS.

Among the giants of the bar of the Eastern States in the latter half of the past century was Cortlandt Parker, of New Jersey, who died in 1907. Many were the discussions, always friendly, among leading members of the bar based upon the question, "Which is the ablest lawyer, Joseph P. Bradley, of the United States Supreme court bench, or Cortlandt Parker?" One was able to answer that question satisfactorily, since both were known to be men of profound legal learning and of great ability. Cortlandt Parker differed from Justice Bradley in the fact that he was at one time much occupied with political life. He was minister to Vienna and before that Minister to Russia. Justice Bradley was always exclusively occupied with his profession.

In another respect these two men differed. Justice Bradley was something of a recluse. He was by no means a hermit nor was he averse to good companionship, but his profession was his life and he found his

chief delight, both in office hours and later in the day, in study. Cortlandt Parker resembled in some respects one of the greatest of New England lawyers, Jeremiah Mason, who at one time was deemed the equal of Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate. Cortlandt Parker was disposed to believe, as Jeremiah Mason once said he did, that the place to study law was in the courtroom rather than in the law school.

Mr. Parker was a very companionable man. He liked the good things of life, but he indulged in them in moderation. He was a welcome guest at private dinners and his reminiscences were sometimes delightful. That was the company of men who occasionally met at the table of S. I. M. Barlow in his day one of New York's great lawyers, whose house faced Madison Square in New York city and who could always secure the presence at his table of men who had gained high reputation for wit, intellect and achievements. At one of the dinners at which Mr. Parker was a guest a warm personal friend who afterward became a distinguished justice of the highest court of New York State, said to him:

"Parker, I observe that while you are an excellent judge of good wine, although partaking of it sparingly, and that you know what good con-

ing is, nevertheless you are the only one in this company who is not smoking. Don't you smoke?"

"No, sir," was Mr. Parker's reply, "but I have not the slightest objection to it. Many times I have wished Parker was disposed to believe, as Jeremiah Mason once said he did, that the place to study law was in the courtroom rather than in the law school."

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Tomorrow Dr. Edwards will tell "How Senator Blaine Prepared For His Book."

The Secret.

"Pop, how do the people in the Weather Bureau find out what kind of weather we're going to have?"

"The don't, son."—Philadelphia Ledger.

LINCOLN AND BOOTH

The Inner Story of the Great Tragedy of Fifty Years Ago

By WINFIELD M. THOMPSON.

Booth and Herold Reach Virginia.



EDWARD SPANGLER AND GEORGE B. ATZERODT.

While Booth was in hiding these men were made prisoners. Atzerodt had been ordered by Booth to kill Vice President Johnson, but made no effort to do so. Spangler, who was a friend of Booth's, was a member of the conspiracy. They were both arrested and held in the Library of Congress Collection.

Living in a marsh beside Avon Creek, on the east shore of the Potomac, about thirty miles below Washington, John Wilkes Booth and his companion, David Herold, lay through April 22, the eighth day following the assassination of Lincoln.

They had set out to cross the Potomac the night before, but had lost their way in the fog. Luck had attended them in making a landing after the night on the river. This time, though they were obliged to row about nine miles to reach the neighborhood of their designed landing place, Mather Creek, they were more fortunate than on the night before, and in due time arrived at the Virginia shore.

Herold, though weary with his service at the court, kept up his rowing while Booth, silent upon the stern seat and suffering from his broken and swollen leg, scanned the shore for their landing place. It did not appear. At last the flash of morning in the east warned them that they must find a place of concealment quickly. By the growing light they discovered a little opening in the bank. It was Gambo Creek, a mile short of their goal. They entered.

Booth was profoundly relieved when he felt himself on the Virginia shore, and not without good reason, for in escaping from Maryland he had slipped through a cord of pursuers as he foxed along through a scattered pack of hounds. Cavalry had beaten every wood and swamp in the whole peninsula between the Potomac and the Potomac river, from Leonardstown to the vicinity of Washington. Detectives had interrogated householders. Gunboats had patrolled the river.

On the very night in which Booth succeeded in crossing the Potomac a party of detectives and cavalry crossed the river a few miles above him, to hunt him in Virginia. This party was headed by Maj. James R. O'Brien, a provost marshal from Washington. Some of Maj. O'Brien's men had followed the clew provided by Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, who had set Booth's leg on April 15, and who sent word to the authorities of Booth's visit, but were unable to track Booth beyond Dr. Mudd's. A negro's statement that he had seen Booth in a boat on the Potomac on April 16

finally led Maj. O'Brien to cross the river. Riding as far south as Prince George's Courthouse, and obtaining no clew there, he returned to the river Sunday, increasing it but a few miles above the spot on which Booth landed that morning.

Fugitives Find Friends.

Booth landed on the farm of a Dr. Hoot. No house was in sight. It was broad daylight when Herold helped him ashore—a still, lowering morning. Booth was impatient to be off on his journey southward, but it was needful first to find the friends to whom they had been directed by their guide and friend on the Maryland side, Thomas A. Jones, who had concealed them in their six days of hiding near his home and had provided them with the boat.

The assassin's landing place was in a neighborhood locally famous in the war for its ferries on the "underground route" between Richmond and the North. Hereabouts mail carriers, spies, messengers and smugglers from the South made their way across the Potomac. The inhabitants were all loyal to the South, and four years of war had taught them much in the way of aiding mysterious travelers.

Jones had told them to seek out Mrs. E. R. Queenbury, who lived beside Mather Creek, and leaving Booth under the walnut tree, Herold set out for Mrs. Queenbury's home. He had no difficulty in finding his way, and reaching the modest cottage by the creek he received a friendly welcome. There had been a Confederate signal station on Mrs. Queenbury's place during the first two years of the war, and she had helped many a Confederate traveler then and since. She now gave Herold food for Booth and himself, without time lost in questions.

At Mrs. Queenbury's Herold found Thomas H. Hardin, who was a brother-in-law of Jones, and could be depended on to aid the fugitives. Hardin responded to Herold's call for aid by going with him to Gambo Creek, and aiding him to navigate the boat with Booth in it, further up the westerly into the swamp. He then guided Booth and Herold into a wooded region a mile or so to a little clearing in which stood a log house, occupied by an old man named William Bryn.

Booth occupied painfully along with his crutch, aided by his companions, while Herold carried their baggage and other effects. The old man Bryn had sheltered in his poor dwelling many a fugitive in four years. His homely hospitality was at Booth's disposal for the asking, and he also procured what Booth much wanted, whiskey.

In this safe retreat, off the beaten roads, Booth lay through most of the day, which was Sunday. But he wished to push on, and thought of the comforts of the kind of house he had been accus-

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CONVENIENT TERMS.

tomed to, and of the cheer of a well-spread board. He had eaten very little in the eight days of his hiding.

Refused at Dr. Stewart's.

That afternoon Booth's humble host secured a poor boat and a wagon and drove Booth and his companion southward about eight miles to the summer home of Dr. Richard Stewart, "Cleydyle," where Booth anticipated a welcome to the comforts that his troubled mind had pictured.

Dr. Stewart was the wealthiest man in those parts. He was an ardent Confederate, and his entertainment of travelers who knocked at his door in the war time had got him into trouble. He had been arrested several times, and was but recently come from prison in Washington.

When, therefore, Booth was driven to his door Dr. Stewart—who had heard of the assassination and may have suspected the character of his caller—declined to invite him within. He sent out food, however, which was eaten in an outbuilding, and directed the travelers to the home of one of his tenants, a negro named William Lucas, which was about a mile off.

Lucas received the two men and made them as comfortable as his wretched cabin permitted. He also provided more whiskey.

The drink was fine to Booth's fevered veins and sinking nerves, and he was in a savage mood—as was with the world that denied him the praise he had expected for his deed, and resentful against Dr. Stewart for turning him away. As he nursed his grievance he took from his pocket his little red book, a broken leg, in need of medical advice, and wrote in it a letter addressed to Dr. Stewart. The draft did not please him and he wrote another. This he tore from the book and, wrapping it about some money, gave it to the negro to take to Dr. Stewart.

Booth's Angry Letter.

Booth's letter was as follows: "Dear Sir: Forgive me, but I have some little pride. I hate to blame you for want of hospitality; now your own affairs. I was sick, tired, with a broken leg, in need of medical advice. I would not have turned a dog away from my door in such a condition. However, you were kind enough to give me something to eat, for which I not only thank you, but on account of the reluctant manner in which it was bestowed I feel bound to pay for it. It is not the substance, but the manner in which kindness is extended, that makes one happy in the acceptance thereof. The sauce in meat is harmony; meeting were bare without it. Be kind enough to accept the enclosed \$2.50 (though hard to spare), for what we have received. Yours respectfully, STEWART."

With what feelings the doctor read these lines is indicated by the fact that he sent no reply. He handed the note to his wife, who carefully put it away. A few days later it was to be demanded by a Federal detective. It now resides in the dusty archives of the War Department, among many other bits of evidence of human passion, weakness and sorrow in the great tragedy of 1865.

Halted at the Rappahannock.

Booth and Herold lay on the night of April 23 at the home of the negro Lucas. They would have pushed on that night, but the negro declined to drive them in the dark. Furthermore, they had some consolation in drink.

Early on the morning of April 24, Lucas hitched a poor horse to a rickety wagon and set out with the travelers for Fort Conway on the Rappahannock River, about twenty miles away. Booth felt that with another river between him and his pursuers his chance of escape would be improved.

At noon they halted at "Office Hall," the home of William McDaniel, where

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MACFARLAND FUNERAL WILL BE HELD TODAY

Rev. Dr. Wood to Conduct Services at 4 o'clock in Church of the Covenant.

The funeral services for the late Lieut. Commander Horace G. Macfarland, U. S. N., retired, and member of the bar of the District of Columbia, will be held this afternoon at 4 o'clock in the Church of the Covenant, Eighteenth and N streets northwest. It will be conducted by Rev. Dr. Charles Wood, pastor of the church, of which Commander Macfarland was a member.

The honorary pall bearers will be: John W. Foster, Rear Admiral John C. Watson, Rear Admiral Charles H. Stockton, Col. George Richards, U. S. M. C., Commander Edwin T. Pollock, U. S. N., James Brown Scott, Charles Noble Gregory, Charles Cowles Tucker, Edward S. Bailey, and Carroll Glover.

Private interment will follow in the Macfarland family lot at Oak Hill Cemetery.

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WILLARD'S VICTORY SHOULD PUT HIM ON INTIMATE TERMS WITH THE U. S. MINT.—By Goldberg.

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